

room her friend rose to greet and be greeted.

"I hoped so much to see you, Molly," she said. "It is ten years to-day since my sister Mary went home; just seventeen, a rosebud of a girl; you remind me of her, and just to look at you does me good. Will you sing for me, Molly, one little song, and then I'll go, for I'm on my way to help Anna Payne through a handful of trouble. Her children are down with the measles, and she has scalded her arm."

Molly sang, and this was her cup of cold water. Not much to do, but it was counted in with the "inasmuch" blessings on the recording angel's book.—*Alice Lee, in Christian Intelligencer.*

JOHN'S REFERENCES.

John was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy; but he had no reference. "I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary." "Let me see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said, with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

MY DEAR JOHN:—I want to remind you that whenever you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up

your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do; I couldn't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—*Selected.*

ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons. "Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it; and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went into a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe; "and I think that I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."—*Children's Visitor.*

A New England clergyman was for some time disturbed by the members of the choir. Finally, he found a way of quieting them. After the long prayer one Sunday he announced a hymn, as usual, and added: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing this grand old hymn; and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

—*Lewiston Journal.*

A SMALL PROTECTOR.

Coming home from the Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington, last July, the train halted for a few moments at a station in Maryland, known as Washington Junction. Glancing out of the window while we waited there, my eye caught a very pretty and pleasing picture, which I will try to paint for you in words.

On a dry-goods box at one end of the platform sat a very beautiful little girl with an innocent, artless expression on her sweet face, holding in her arms, which were bare—for the day was hot, and she was clad in a short-sleeved summer dress—a deaf, cunning, playful little kitten. Sometimes the kitten lay quietly and snugly infolded in its mistress' arms as if asleep, but sometimes it grew sportive and ran all over her lap, breast, shoulders and arms. It was a very interesting scene—a little bit of Eden, so innocent, and affectionate, and confiding were they both.

But if it was an Eden, it proved true to type, because evil entered into it. It came into this Eden, not in the form of a serpent as in the first, but in the form of a big black dog. He had been sniffing and prowling about the platform, smelling at people's clothes and hands, and starting up and growling at other dogs that came in sight, until at last, he happened to spy the little girl with the kitten in her arms.

He threw up his head, pricked forward his ears, and with a wag or two of his tail started toward them. The kitten instinctively recognized an enemy, and drew back into the little girl's lap, hair bristling, eyes starting out wildly, back arched, and tail waving frantically in fear.

The little girl was troubled for her pet, but did not at first notice the cause. Presently she looked up and saw the big dog. She hastened to shelter her beloved kitten in her infolding arms, while she nodded her head threateningly, and cried out to the dog: "Go away, sir! Go away, I say! Quit scaring my little kitty!"

But the big black fellow was not much frightened by such commands, and he continued to approach, thrusting out his great red and black muzzle toward the terrified kitten.

The frightened little thing mewed, and spat, and growled, and, I am afraid, scratched her mistress. Just in the nick of time a big boy came to the rescue and drove the dog away—just as Jesus Christ came into the world to drive evil out of this Eden. And then happiness was restored again, and the bell rang and my train puffed out of the station.—*Morning Guide.*

God doesn't measure prayers by the yard,